crannies of the interlaced bamboos. They will serve wreaths of flowers for the head with every meal. There are canoes below in which you can go off to the surf on the reef, and there are fishermen still *inpareus* to show you how to take crabs or spear fish by the light of great flares on dark nights. And, if you please, Neaa will give you a bed in his own house where seven or eight bedsteads stand in a long row and there are only two and a half walls and the doors are never shut. Should you sleep there, too, you will learn that decency can be kept without convention and that Western modesty is a schoolmaster who has taught us to be prudes.

His wife is a descendant of the Pitcairn islanders and a great lady—kindly, gentle, busy, pretty, modest and yet gay. It is great fun to go off with her and the babies and the girls and the men, a big family in which there is master and

mistress
but not upper or lower class, to the river for a
bathe. The rivers are the joy of Tahiti. Here the
cool water flows into the great pool beneath huge
trees and by a sun-lit bank, and you can dive and
swim and laze the golden days away. Neaa's